

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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MASSOL.

THE first appearance of this popular barytone, after an absence of so many years from the Parisian stage, has been hailed with enthusiasm by the *abonnés* of the opera. His singing in Auber's new opera, to judge from the accounts we have received, has made the liveliest impression; while as an actor he seems to have exhibited a greater amount of energy and dramatic intelligence than on any preceding occasion. There has been but one opinion about his voice,—that it was never in better order in regard to strength and quality, and that the singer had acquired a command over it which was previously not so remarkable. In short, Massol's *rentrée* has been triumphant, and assisted materially in the *éclatant succès* of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, the new *chef d'œuvre* of the great and gifted chief of the French school of operatic music.

VIVIER.

THIS prodigious artist, "*cor de naissance, et Corse d'origine*," as Alexander Billet used to call him when the two together made night obstreperous at Lyons, is still at Paris, making the day dulcet with the harmonious sounds of his magic instrument, that, on the wings of Eolus, fly from his window at the top of the Hotel de Valois, smiting the statue of Poquelin, which sits upon its pedestal of stone, watching over the destinies of the Theatre Francois hard by, while the fountain beneath fills freshly the bucket of the water-carrier, smiting, we say, the effigy of France's greatest poet with a music like that of old, which, on the thirsty sands of Egypt, impelled by Apollo's scorching breath, smote the mammoth maw of Memnon, making an echo of the pleasing pain, until the quiet air was stirred with melody mellifluous. Vivier was offered an engagement by the judicious Jullien for the last two weeks of his concerts, which, doubtless, more profitable occupation in Paris prevented him from accepting. Nevertheless, Vivier will be here at *Noël*, ready to start on his provincial tour.

JENNY LIND.

THE Swedish Nightingale will be in London in the month of June, not under the auspices of Mr. Barnum, but for the purpose of giving two grand concerts; after which she will make a tour in the provinces, not under the auspices of anybody but herself. Her success in America had surpassed all expectation.

JETTY TREFFZ.

AN old contributor has forwarded us the following translation of an article upon Jetty Treffz, from the pen of one of her warmest Teutonic admirers. The reader must bear in mind that it is a German who is speaking; and remember that German enthusiasm about art and artists—more especially musical and dramatic—makes that of other nations look pale.

It is gratifying to record the career of an artist who, unlike so many others, has never had to fight against the ravages of poverty, or to struggle in the darkness of obscurity; but upon whom the golden rays of happiness and triumph have invariably shone. At the same time, it must be owned that happiness and triumph, in the present instance, have been nothing more than the well-earned premium of industry and genius combined.

Jetty Treffz—or rather Henriette de Th——d, for Treffz is only the name of her mother's family, and the *nom de guerre* assumed in her artistic career, which has now, indeed, become celebrated—was born at Vienna, on the 28th of June, 1826. Her father, a Polish gentleman, was an officer in the Austrian service. Her mother was daughter of that beautiful Laura Schwan de Manhiem, who was loved and sung by the greatest poet of Germany, Frederick Schiller, but who, undazzled by the poet's fame, and unflattered by his muse, preferred the less brilliant attractions of the professor Treffz, and espoused him. Jetty's mother was possessed of a considerable fortune, and was determined to have her daughter educated in the most perfect manner. Unfortunately, the greater part of her fortune was embezzled by a nefarious tutor, to whose keeping it was entrusted when Jetty was only thirteen years of age. Nevertheless, it was most probably to this circumstance, so much to be deplored at the time, we are indebted for affording us an opportunity of admiring a talent of too rare an occurrence to suffer it to be buried in the dilettantism of private life.

The Prince Guizeppe Poniatowsky, an enthusiast in the cause of music and a composer of no mean acquirement, who had long been on intimate terms with Jetty's father, was the first who discovered the great talent of the young girl. Jetty had received from nature a mezzo-soprano voice of remarkable beauty and flexibility, powerful, sonorous, and of unusual extent: From her earliest days, passionately fond of music, she joined to a brilliant imagination an *esprit facile* and penetrating, and a memory singularly retentive. Added to these, Jetty possessed a face and figure the most prepossessing and promising those graces and attractions which are now her acknowledged rights.

Such was Jetty Treffz when Prince Poniatowsky first discovered her latent talent and counselled her parents not to allow it to go uncultivated. Signor Gentiluomo, an Italian professor of singing, was Jetty's first master. After fifteen days of study, Mercelli, the director of the Italian Opera at Vienna, wishing to have in his possession a young girl whose future he could not but foresee, engaged her. Jetty immediately applied herself to her studies with enthusiastic zeal. Among her instructors at this time, we would particularly mention Monsieur Charles K&ent, a professional musical critic, and a singer of taste and talent. Much to Jetty's chagrin and disappointment, since she burned to distinguish herself on the stage, Mercelli detained her a whole year without giving her

a single part to play. She threw up her engagement in consequence, and departed for Dresden, where, in her fifteenth year, she made her *début* in the character of Juliet, in the *Montecchi e Capuletti*. The celebrated Schröder Devrient was the Romeo. Jetty's success was triumphant. The Queen of Saxony, charmed with the grace and talent of the young *débutante*, commanded her intendant, the Baron de Lutichaw, to present Jetty to her, in her box, the same evening. But Her Majesty of Saxony did not stop here. At her own expense, and under her immediate inspection, Jetty received lessons from the famous singing master Morlachi, and from Schröder Devrient, the best model of which she could have found in all Germany for the mimic art. There were, however, several little intrigues on the part of this great artist, which determined her pupil, who now commenced to become her rival, to quit Dresden, after a twelve-month's sojourn, during which she had been constantly distinguished by the Queen, and applauded by the public, on all occasions, with the greatest fervour. From Dresden she went to Leipsic, where she had the good fortune to meet Mendelssohn, who took the liveliest interest in her from the first moment he saw her. He made her study his own songs with him, and subsequently, when she was engaged at those brilliant entertainments given in Leipsic, under the name of the *Gewandhaus* concerts, he composed expressly for the last of these concerts, the beautiful and popular chansonelle, "Es ist bestim in Gottes Rath," which Jetty sang for the first time, with the most deafening demonstrations of favour from thousands of listeners. There is little doubt but that it is Mendelssohn to whom Jetty is mainly indebted for that delicate appreciation, that profound sentiment, that touching expression, and that fascination of style, which so remarkably distinguishes her as a singer. But Jetty in herself had the talent and the will. Mendelssohn could have found no difficulty in cultivating a soil so fertile and so yielding.

On her return from Leipsic to Vienna, Jetty was engaged at the *Harnthnerthor* Theatre. Two years after, when Pokorny organised an operatic company, which was superior to any other in Germany, she sang at the theatre *Ander Wien* with Staudigl and Pischek, and Mesdames Marra and Jenny Lind. A *congé* of some weeks was employed in reaping a golden harvest and adding to her laurels in Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, Frankfort, and Presburg. At the latter town she performed a round of characters, in Mozart's operas, with immense success. Her musical knowledge and correct reading, combined with a veneration for the works of the great Mozart, rendered her performances so interesting, that the public were fascinated by the superior talents of the young artist. Some time afterwards, Jetty Treffz achieved new triumphs at Vienna, in Balfe's operas, the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. She sang nearly two hundred times in the first opera, and more than one hundred in the latter.

The revolution of 1848 interrupted Jetty's brilliant and rapid career. Art in general, and the dramatic art in particular, had nearly received their death blow on the continent. Jetty then recalled to mind the brilliant successes she had obtained at Leipsic, as a concert singer, and went to London, where she made her *début* at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society—with what success need not here be told. Immediately afterwards Jetty was invited by Queen Victoria to sing at the

concerts at Buckingham Palace. What followed, is well known.

Jetty Treffz is, as we have already said, most prepossessing and striking in appearance. Her manners are extremely

agreeable and fascinating. Her amiability, joined to her talents and *esprit*, make her beloved by all who know her. Her benevolence is well-known to all who enjoy her intimate acquaintance. She expends, in good acts, a considerable portion of her income, and no artist in misfortune has been known to appeal to her generosity in vain.

So much talent and such qualities fully justify the above eulogium, which is nothing more than the homage due to the genius and goodness of JETTY TREFFZ.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, who have for some weeks been an important feature of attraction at these entertainments, took leave of the London public on Monday night. The performances included some of the most popular, though none of the best pieces in their *répertoire*. Everything, however, was enthusiastically received; Herr Neidhard's chorus, with bass solo, "Home, sweet home," and Zollner's "March to Battle," a composition of some vigour, but small musical merit, being applauded with equal unanimity and warmth. The first piece, long as it is, was encored, and the "Echo" song substituted, which, in its turn, experienced the same compliment. The "March to Battle," being redemanded, was followed by "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen," in English, which were received with acclamations; but these and other tokens of approbation, bestowed on Monday night by the audience with such unequivocal heartiness, were chiefly due to the talent of the Berlin choristers (in its way unrivalled) and altogether independent of the music they thought fit to introduce, which has not been, on all occasions, of such a high character as was to be expected from a body of vocalists indebted for so much of their excellence to the personal superintendence of Mendelssohn; when director of the music of the church to His Majesty the King of Prussia. It was generally expected that the Berlin choristers would give the London public some specimens of their quality in the great choral compositions of their fatherland, but their selections, with few exceptions, have been confined to slow hymn tunes, and bagatelles, in the form of *lieder*, national and patriotic airs, harmonized, &c. That these may have been more entirely acceptable to the mass, we will not deny; but that the reputation of the Berlin choristers in the estimation of those who look upon music as an intellectual art, and expected now and then something of a more solid character, is unquestionable. Nevertheless, we do not wish to take one iota from the merit of these singers, who, if judged merely as executants, whether the power and quality of their voices or the precision and delicacy of their execution be taken into consideration, are assuredly superior to any that have been heard in this country. We understand that they are not going to "battle" after all, but have several engagements to fulfil in the English provinces—an occupation which we trust may be as much more profitable as it can hardly fail to be more agreeable to themselves.

The concert was a good one in other respects. The 7th symphony of Beethoven, one of the grandest and most original of the nine, was played entire at the beginning of the evening, under Mr. Balfe's direction, listened to with exemplary attention, and applauded warmly. What a pity the managers of the Grand National Concerts did not set out from the beginning with thus accomplishing the letter of their prospectus! Miss Poole, too, made her first appearance with Haydn's "Mermaid's song," which was well received; Mr. Sims Reeves gave us some of his best singing in "Adelaide;" Miss God-



dard played one of Thalberg's most brilliant pieces; Mr. Cooper executed a fantasia of Herr Pechatscheck, on the fourth string of the violin; Mr. Baumann another on the bassoon; Auber's sparkling overture to *Cheval de Bronze*, performed with remarkable spirit and decision by the band, put every one in good humour; and Méhul's very ancient "Chasse" brought back the days of the *Battle of Prague*.

The forthcoming novelty is Mr. Loder's operatic romance, *The Island of Calypso*, from which great things are anticipated. In all probability this will be produced next week.

The entire proceeds of the performance were, with great liberality, handed over to the use of the Berlin Choir by the executive committee, managers, and directors of the Grand National Concerts.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

Drury-lane Theatre has been overflowed every night since our last. Jetty Treffz has been unwell, and was absent from her place on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday. On Wednesday, however, she came back convalescent, and was received with the usual enthusiasm. The Great Exhibition Quadrille has proved a stupendous hit—Jullien never achieved a greater success than with this picturesque *pot-pourri*, this obstreperous *olla podrida*, this prophetic pasticcio, this loyal lay, this egregious epic, which has done no end of good in conciliating the French national guards and the London "many-headed."

On Thursday there was a Beethoven night. The works introduced were the overture to *Leonora*, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the vocal canzonet, "Kennst dir das Land," and the symphony in C minor, a plentiful dish of Beethoven for the lovers of his music. The overture and symphony were carefully executed under Jullien's vigorous direction. Koenig, who plays the trumpet like an angel, played the trumpet solo (under the stage) in *Leonora* upon the cornet-a-piston like an angel; but why not on the trumpet? Also, in the *finale* of the symphony, why four cornets instead of two trumpets?

M. Alexander Billet is gradually progressing in public favour. His extensive repertoire gives him peculiar facilities. Since our last he has played the *Concert Stuck* of Weber with brilliant success, and at the Beethoven "Festival" he took the pianoforte part of the magnificent concerto in E flat, which is as difficult and laborious as almost anything Beethoven has written for the piano. In this great style of music, however, M. Billet is quite at home. He understands it, and plays it as though he understood it, without fuss or affectation. His mechanical quickness, his complete mastery of the key-board, bring the *traits de bravoure* easily under his hand, while his musical intelligence provides the colouring most fitted to its suitable expression. Although the performance lasted more than half-an-hour the vast multitude listened to the concerto throughout with decorous attention, and each successive movement was applauded with increasing warmth.

Mdlle. Treffz sang the lovely "Kennst dir das Land," of which Beethoven himself thought so much, to perfection—she was Mignon herself carolling to her lute. She was encored with acclamation.

The rest of the concert embraced the usual materials. Among other things, the quaint, expressive, and really melodious little song of "Angelina," called "My bright Savoy," was played by Koenig on the cornet-a-pistons, with exquisite taste, and loudly applauded. Jetty Treffz gained another encore in Linley's new ballad, "The Mountain Daisy," but the calls for "Trab, trab, trab" were so vociferous that she was obliged to substitute that all popular ditty in its place.

To-night Koenig's benefit; Monday Jullien's, and the last night of the season. On Thursday the ball, the second of the season.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the Times.)

On Saturday night the Sacred Harmonic Society commenced the campaign of 1850-51 with the *Messiah*. It was their 227th concert in the great room of Exeter Hall, and their 56th performance of Handel's masterpiece in the same locality. The attendance betokened the subscription to be in a flourishing state; the building could not easily have been more crowded. We state this with pleasure, as no association in Europe exercises a more powerful influence on the highest interests of the musical art than the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is true that this society may be said to have a public of its own, which the most seductive attractions of a different character cannot tempt away—no contemptible proof, by the way, of the existence, so stoutly denied abroad, of a pure and cultivated taste for music in this metropolis, since very few short of 2,000 persons are requisite to fill the hall completely, while nothing but music of a serious and elevated order is to be heard there. As much cannot be adduced of any other city in the Old World, much less the New.

A new interest was attached to the performance of last night, which, except the very first ever given in the large room of Exeter Hall, is likely to be chronicled as the most memorable and important in the history of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The alterations and improvements in the building, so long opposed by the committee of proprietors, and so obstinately advocated by the directors of the society, with Mr. Bowley, one of the most zealous and active members, at their head, have been accomplished during the recess, and their value was tested last night in a manner which must have satisfied the incredulous as much as it delighted the indefatigable promoters of the change. Exeter Hall was built in 1829, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Henry Pownall, for the accommodation of religious and scientific assemblies; but the early performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society had so strong an influence that the proprietors soon began to derive a great part of the rent of the building from musical meetings. As first constructed, and up to last year, Exeter Hall was, nevertheless, without exception the very worst building, of any pretensions, for musical effect in England. At present, thanks to the recent proceedings, it is in all probability the best, as it is certainly the largest and most commodious. It is unnecessary for us to enter into a technical account of the manner in which the interior of the great hall has been remodelled. That has been published already, and can be had for the asking. It is enough to specify the chief points in the new construction. First, the central projecting wall at the east end has been removed, and the huge organ thrown back about 18 feet, whereby the ancient recesses now form part of the main body of the hall. The advantages derived are evident. The organ no longer conceals two large divisions of the chorus from each other, but places them within sight and hearing of each other, which is of eminent service in promoting decision and unanimity in the execution, while it saves the conductor a world of trouble and anxiety. Moreover, some two or three hundred members of the chorus are extricated from what was not much preferable to the black-hole at Calcutta. They can now breathe freely, and use their lungs without danger of suffocation. Next, the four unseemly and vexa-

tious pillars that were wont to impede the sight and hearing of two-thirds of the occupants of the seats under the great western gallery have been done away with altogether; so that at present any one may be installed in that department of the hall with comfort and advantage. Here again the suffocating principle has been neutralized. Last, though perhaps first in importance, the ceiling has been raised several feet in every direction, and curved in such a manner as to gain no less than twelve feet of central elevation, while all projections have been removed from the surface. Without stopping to consider the novel aspect which this bold step has conferred upon the hall, or the superior method of ventilation it has facilitated, we may at once say that the acoustical improvements derived are mainly to be traced in that direction. Mendelssohn was more than once heard to say, when conducting rehearsals of his *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, "Oh, if I were only Hercules, that I might push up that heavy weight with my shoulder!" alluding to the ceiling, which he always said was the one thing that prevented London from having as good, if not a better music-room than Birmingham. The great composer little thought that in less than four years the alterations he had playfully suggested, without dreaming of their possibility, would be accomplished, and he not living to witness them. In such matters there was no better authority than Mendelssohn, and the justice of his views has been established beyond controversy. The difference in the general effect is really surprising. The band and chorus seem to have double power, while all frustrating echo and superfluous vibration being removed, the smallest details of the vocal and instrumental score are plainly distinguishable, and the principal singers can be easily heard from any part of the area, without the least necessity for unusual exertion. On the other hand, an advantage accrues which, perhaps, will be more acceptable to the critical hearers than to the performers themselves, although in the end advantageous to both, since it renders the utmost care indispensable in getting up the concerts. The sound comes so sharp and clear that wrong notes and right notes are equally evident, and mistakes arising from negligence or clumsy execution cannot now escape detection. Of this, although the performance was excellent on the whole, we had several instances last night. Sharps instead of naturals, flats instead of sharps, and *vice versa*, which from long habit have become almost traditional, gave direct offence to the practised ear, and, so to speak, uttered their own condemnation with irresistible force. As the organ has only just been put up, and is still in an imperfect state, the stops being unavailable (a disadvantage which taxed the skill and readiness of Mr. Brownsmith very severely), and as the arrangements are yet in a state of such comparative disorganization as must have made an efficient rehearsal a matter of inconvenience, we shall waste no words at present on cataloguing defects, but be satisfied to recommend such increased diligence as may put the new conditions of the hall to the best possible use.

The band has been judiciously strengthened. There are now 16 double basses, 16 violoncellos, and 82 violins and altos. Several excellent performers have been added to the ranks, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Campanille and Pratten (double-bass), H. Chipp and Guest (violinello), Dando, Doyle, Zerbini, and Cusins (violin). There is still some room for improvement in the "wind" department; and, on the other hand, if a few of the person-professionals (in band as in the chorus) would "wait a little longer," and perfect their studies before assisting in public performances, a further advantage would be secured.

On the whole, however, the band is a highly efficient force, and not unworthy of such an important society as that to which it belongs. The chorus is still more numerous than last year, and we have little doubt will eventually prove still more efficient. Now, however, that all the several divisions of the vocal score can be heard so much more distinctly, and the tenor voices, instead of being, as it were, "lost in a fog," come out with considerable force and decision, it would be advisable to strengthen the female department of the chorus, especially the trebles, which no longer enjoy the advantages of an exclusively favourable position. There is time enough for this, however. Meanwhile this vast army of more than 700 voices and instruments was conducted with masterly ease and precision by Mr. Costa, whose appearance in the orchestra was the signal for loud and prolonged applause. The qualities which have earned such unanimous praise for this gentleman, wherever he has held the position of musical director, were not less conspicuous last night than on former occasions, and his influence on the performance, in its *ensemble* as in its details, could hardly be over-estimated.

The principal singers were Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and Whitehouse. It was Mr. Whitworth's first appearance at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and he made so favourable an impression in his opening air, "But who may abide"—an impression in no degree weakened by the manner in which he gave, "Why do the nations," that it is not likely to be his last. Mr. Whitworth is a decided acquisition to the ranks of the society. He has a voice at once strong and of pleasing quality, sings with good style and facility, and enunciates his words with unusual distinctness. We recommend him, however, to abandon the shake until he has thoroughly mastered it. Mr. Whitehouse, a member of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, is a *débutante*, and therefore entitled to more indulgent criticism than would be bestowed upon an experienced public singer. With a bass voice of extremely soft and grateful tone, he has acquired a command of legato very unusual in beginners. This, at present, indeed, his chief quality, is one of eminent value; but his voice is deficient in power, and his singing wants style and vigour. He is evidently very young, and nervousness, no doubt, deprived him of the free use of his natural advantages. He was most successful in "The people that walked in darkness," the recitative especially; but we advise him, for the future, to adhere strictly to the text. For a young singer to begin his career with alterations of Handel betokens want of reverence and enthusiasm, in the absence of which future success is doubtful. "The trumpet shall sound" is at present too much for Mr. Whitehouse. Mr. T. Harper's trumpet obligato in this song deserves mention as a highly finished piece of execution. Miss Dolby has, perhaps, never sung the contralto airs more perfectly than last night. We have only to complain of her omitting the second part of the fine air, "He was dispised," which is a necessary introduction to the magnificent chorus, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," and cannot be rejected without detriment to Handel's plan. If the first movement were taken somewhat quicker, which would enhance the effect, the whole would not be found "too long."—the invalid plea of singers, who make Handel suffer for their own misconception. Miss Birch, too, by the manner in which she drags the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," makes one of the most tiresome. We are aware that these are mistakes of long standing, but Miss Dolby and Miss Birch have sufficiently the ear and the favour of the public to adopt their own readings. If, however, they have neither the will nor the courage, Mr. Costa, as conductor, should take the

matter in hand. Both airs would gain immensely by acceleration. Mr. Lockett sang "Comfort ye my people" with unexceptionable taste, and gave full expression to the passionate air, "Behold and see." In "He shall break them" he was less efficient. This song is not in his style.

There were no encores, and all attempts at applause were immediately suppressed—an example which we trust may prevail throughout the season. Previous to the oratorio the national anthem was executed, the principal vocalists and the entire chorus assisting. We must say that we never heard so slovenly a performance. Such a beginning did not lead us to anticipate the signal success it has been our task to record.

The *Messiah* will be repeated on Friday. No other work is announced before Christmas.

MISS CHRISTINA DAWSON IN GLASGOW.

(From the Glasgow Mail.)

To Miss Dawson on Thursday night there was undoubtedly an ovation. The most spacious room in Glasgow filled to overflowing on her account, and on her account alone we may rightly assert gave testimony to the deep interest—at all events the extreme curiosity—which pervaded all classes to hear one who had "risen from the ranks." A first appearance to thousands in Glasgow must have been most trying to a girl of Miss Dawson's antecedents. Her engagement by Mr. Muir Wood gave the idea that she was "a safe card;" for we (and we believe the public) have a strong faith in his judgment and his taste. Notwithstanding a predilection in favour of Miss Dawson—notwithstanding the favourable and unfavourable notices this young lady got elsewhere—we attended the concert last night with a doubt that she would not fulfil expectation. It is a serious injury to a student like Miss Dawson to have her abilities, however decided they may be, forced before the public mind prematurely. Genius is, in hundreds of instances, deadened to its own power; because, before that power is sufficiently cultivated, it is shown before the world—applauded too soon—gets proud of itself—and takes no further pains to improve an opportunity. It requires a strong head to withstand popular applause—and a still stronger to receive kindly and act upon an honest opinion.

A desire to speak fairly and honestly to the public compels us to state our fear, that Miss Dawson has been too suddenly brought forward as a "star," and too enthusiastically heralded in that position. We confess to having been among those who earnestly wished her to get "a clear stage." That has been gotten in Glasgow, and the results are before us. We are quite satisfied that the usual cant phrase—"She has much to learn"—will be plentifully bestowed upon her efforts. She is young—her tutoring has been but of a brief space—she had "much to learn," but she has less now. To say that she is a "great" vocalist would be to use a deception. She is not a "great" singer—what she may become is a question of time. We will not, because we cannot, rank Miss Dawson among the Sontags—the Grisis—the Linds of the day. She stands apart from them in many ways. She has good natural power—taking all circumstances into account, she sings remarkably well what she has been taught, as she has been taught it—she has a pleasing person, and the demeanour of a lady; but candour says a longer course of tuition is absolutely essential to render her an accomplished vocalist, capable of contesting with Miss Romer or Miss Dolby. Her rendering of the scena from "Der Freischütz" was marked by the simple and unaffected style

usually—though not universally—attributed to German music. It was well delivered, though rather cold in its ensemble. It brought out an encore, and "Auld Robin Gray" was substituted. Miss Dawson was "at home" in this song, and gave it with true feeling and expression; it was home, music, and possibly came from the heart of one to the hearts of hundreds. She sang the aria from "Robert le Diable" with some power, but the requisite energy—the *chiaro oscuro* of intelligence—was wanting. In the lower notes her voice was thin, and without any volume to sustain some really beautiful expressions in the *alto* part of her *chanson*. Indeed we may prudently affirm that Miss Dawson's principal natural deficiency is in the lower portion of her "register." We should fancy her voice to extend from G below the stave to C above. The latter note she can bring out with ease, and possibly she might attain E flat; but from F in the first space downwards her voice lacks fullness and is "reedy." Those notes which run an octave from B flat upwards are clear, distinct, and eloquent. That her training is not yet sufficient for a public verdict in favour of her powers, was palpable from her management of the chromatic scale in "Robert toi que j'aime." The semi tone somehow "got entangled with each other" and were not emitted closely—they were more slurring than distinct.

Towards Miss Dawson herself we consider this notice but due; for a person so young as she is, the world's ways is very likely to be spoiled by unjudging and indiscriminate flattery. That she was heartily, honestly, and enthusiastically cheered there can be no doubt, but we do not doubt if that arose from her rendering of Meyerbeer or Weber.

One year's study in Paris or Naples will make Miss Dawson what she has the faculty to become—a true vocalist of a genuine school; and without that study she cannot reach the status which with it she can unquestionably hold.

We have devoted more space to Miss Dawson than we had intended, and consequently must notice the other components of the concert very briefly.

Miss Josephine Bassano is precisely one of those singers whom we would like to see lending her aid to a chorus—nothing more. She wants animation and the intellectual ability to comprehend the composer.

Mr. Dibdin's solos on the harp were played with more than ordinary taste. His harmonies reminded us of Bochs, especially in the mode of fingering. He did, really, some brilliant things; but a promiscuous audience do not always comprehend the difficulties of a comparatively unknown instrument.

The violin solos of Mr. Sehmann were sweetly played, and neat in their execution. We cannot, however, remember with exactness that his solo in the first part was the "sixth" concerto of De Beriot. That *maestro's* sixth and seventh airs have been always favourites with the million; but we failed to recognise that one played by Mr. Seligmann.

We may mention that the City Hall was completely filled, about 3,000 persons being present.

JOSEPH LABITZKY was born in 1802, at Petochau, in Bohemia. His studies were pursued in Prague and Vienna. His natural bent for dance composition was early developed. His first waltzes won great popularity. Early in life Labitzky travelled to Russia, Poland, Switzerland, and every part of Germany. At St. Petersburg he was patronised by the Imperial family. He is now the Kapellmeister of Carlsbad, and has composed no less than one hundred and eighty works. Labitzky has also written for the violin, viola, flute, horn, clarinet, &c., a "Miserere," and other works for the church.

DANTE.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

Dante has found many biographers, but hardly one historian; and yet the course of his adventurous life, and the annals of the stirring times in which he lived, would form a noble subject for meditation. At the end of the thirteenth century Italy was agitated by that eternal quarrel between the priesthood and the empire, which brought so many evils in its train—a quarrel still bitter as ever in Piedmont, and even now threatening the tranquillity of Ireland and of England. In the midst of these contests several famous cities threw off their chains. Pisa, Venice, Genoa, Bologna, and Florence, raised a shout of liberty that startled the imperial eagle in his Alpine eyrie, and shook the triple crown on the head of the successor of the fisherman. It would have been a fortunate thing for humanity if these little states could have maintained their independence in the vicinity of the great monarchical powers. But pope and emperor intervened with a policy that has become traditional; and the parties into which these republics were divided, blindly and madly accepted the patronage and protection of each in turn. At Florence, the Guelphs professed themselves supporters of the church, and the Ghibelines of the empire, but without caring much for the one or the other. The true question between them was, whether the people or the wealthy citizens should govern the state; and in the continued danger of foreign invasion, the popular party found its interest in attaching itself to the Pope and to France against Germany, whilst the higher classes were more interested in joining the Emperor. Each in turn rose and fell; each in turn became victors or victims. Such was the condition of these free states when Dante was born at Florence, in 1285. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that he, like many others who have risen to eminence, gave early indications of his future destiny. Precocious in passion as in genius, we are told that at the age of nine he became violently enamoured of the "incomparable Beatrice," then one year his junior. The two children grew up together, their love strengthening with their growth. Dante, on whom the inspiration of poetry, had already fallen, celebrated the beauties and virtues of his young mistress in such tender strains, that several ladies of Florence, envious of Beatrice, resolved to rob her of her lover. But Dante resisted all their seductions, remaining faithful to the lady of his thoughts; and some years afterwards, when death took her from him, he scarcely ate or slept; he would not speak, neglected his person, and became a savage thing to the eye, "*una cosa selvatica a vedere*." In the composition of the "*Vita Nuova*," which appeared in 1295, and which contains distinct hints of the design of his great poem, he sought and found consolation. But this could not satisfy the ardour of a mind which soon exhausted the whole cycle of mediæval learning. Under the direction of the celebrated Brunetto Latini, he studied history, divinity, philosophy, and jurisprudence, and whatever else might fit him for the duties of public life. He mingled in politics, and took part in the government of his country. From his conduct when a magistrate, it is evident that he condemned alike the madness of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, Bianchi, and Neri, for he sent the leaders of both into exile. Of that exile he himself not long after became a sharer, for refusing to receive a French prince, sent by Boniface VIII. under the pretext of pacifying their civic dissensions. He now openly embraced the Ghibeline or imperial party, and composed a treatise, *De Monarchia*, to prove that all the woes of Italy sprang from the false doctrine that the pope had a right to interfere in temporal concerns. Towards the close of his life he wandered from city to city, almost from house to house, receiving hospitality, sometimes conferred with a generosity and dignity becoming his genius and character, and at others with that insolence that petty tyrants alone can assume. We are told that one day, while living at Verona, his princely host, Can Granda de Scalla, had the bad taste to ask him how it was that the courtiers were fonder of the company of the court jester than of so wise and learned a man as Dante. "Why," replied he, with a smile, "'tis because we are all fond of what is most like ourselves." Another anecdote is recorded of his stay in the same city, which tells us how deeply the iron of injustice and persecution had entered into his soul. In his youth he was eminently handsome, but in a grave and melancholy style, characteristic of his mind. Years of exile had added to the natural sternness

of his countenance, and he used to relate that one day, as he passed by a portico where several women were sitting, one of them whispered, with awe-stricken looks, "Do you see that man; that is he who goes down to hell when he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below." "Very likely," rejoined her companion; "see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard are curled in the flames." Exile had not, however, entirely estranged him from his beloved Florence. In the "*Convito*," he speaks of it with great tenderness of language, calling the injustice of the citizens towards him not a crime, but a fault; and praying that his bones may at last repose in the soft bosom of that land which had nursed him:—"E nel quale, con buona pace di quella, desidero con tutto il cuore di riposare l'animo stanco, e terminare il tempo che mi è dato." In close study and in the continuation of his "*Divine Comedy*," the poet sought forgetfulness of the discomforts and humiliations of his exile. The muse was faithful to his invocation, and the most remarkable poem of the middle ages was completed in the Castle of Colmollaro. On its dilapidated walls the following inscription was long visible:—

Hic mansit Dantes aliquerus poeta, et carmina scripsit.

He died shortly afterwards, on the 14th of September, 1321, at the age of 56. He was buried at the cost of Guido da Polenta, the father of that unfortunate Francesca da Rimini, whose story he has so exquisitely told in the fifth canto of the "*Inferno*," perhaps the most beautiful episode in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry. The same Guido attended his remains to the tomb, and recited a funeral oration over them. His successors defended the poet's sepulchre against the power of Charles of Naples, when Pope John XXII. sent Cardinal Bernardo with orders to drag forth his bones from the repose of the grave, that they might be scattered to the winds of heaven.

THE INFANT MARIE.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

Precocious genius—the class of humanity coming under the title of "Infant prodigy"—has frequently been the theme of editorial disapproval, and we must confess to a sort of intuitive objection to many exhibitions of this nature; but there are several instances in our memory, from whose performances the most fastidious and carping critic might derive a legitimate gratification. We scarcely need name the renowned Liszt, with his musical inspiration, when a youth of 12 years of age; the little Sappho, with her graceful and brilliant execution; or, more recently, the charming sisters Milaniello, whose performances on the violin displayed genius as well as talent. There is much in the temperament of a child which makes these exhibitions pleasing or otherwise,—it is either a severe task or a real enjoyment; and we have come away from the entertainment given last night, at the Free-trade Hall, by the Infant Marie, under the impression that she belongs to the latter class of youthful aspirants for fame. She is a vocalist, a pianist, a dancer, and a mimic,—and in each of these characters betrays a grace and cleverness as rare as it is agreeable. Her voice is clear, flexible, and of extraordinary power for a child, particularly in the level and lower notes; she reads her songs well, and with intelligence, both as to execution and expression; she has an appreciation of humour; whilst her dancing possesses elegance, as well as a spirit of enjoyment. We should not omit to observe that in her singing there is a distinctness of utterance—every word being distinctly enunciated,—that gives effect to what she attempts, and is evidence of a sensible tuition. The programme of last night exhibited this little lady in each of the characters we have named, and in all there was an ease of manner, and an evident absence of fatigue; indeed, her address to her auditors, immediately following her Scotch dance, showed no catching of breath or the slightest indication of over-work. This, perhaps, is one of the charms of her performance. Her pianoforte playing is clear in touch, with a strength and freedom in the left hand which we rarely find in professors of much "larger growth." Her singing of "*Trab, trab*," the "*Mermaid's Song*" of Haydn, accompanied by herself; a comic song, "*Heigho for a carriage*," and, above all, "*Little Red Riding Hood*," in character, showed a large share of natural talent, and a versatility rarely to be found in one so young.

Her dancing of "La Cachucha," with the castinet accompaniment, met with a large share of applause, as, indeed, did every effort of the evening. At the close of the performance, there were the usual endearments of tender mothers showered upon her, which she received in a manner that made us hope she has good sense enough not to be spoiled. We should not omit to notice that she sung in Italian as well as English, with a very happy pronunciation, and that we are given to understand she is conversant with two or three foreign languages. Her reception was quite enthusiastic. An elder sister showed considerable musical taste, and a very good quality of voice. She sang Benedict's beautiful song, "By the sad sea wave," in a very nice manner, and was much applauded. Mr. Graham, who presided at the pianoforte, was also well received. We should have been glad if he had let us know better what he was singing about. He lacks distinction of enunciation. The hall was lighted up as on the occasion of the Cosmorama, with Mr. Hammersly's clever landscapes, looking as fresh as ever, and Dawson's diorama of St. Peter's, with its beautiful changing effects, receiving the warm plaudits of a large audience. The whole concluded, evidently to the satisfaction of all present, at about a quarter past ten.

SPOHR'S SEASONS.

THOMSON wrote the *Seasons*, and Haydn composed the *Seasons*, and now Spohr has given us his *Seasons*. Thomson was a fine poet, Haydn a finer poet than Thomson, and Spohr so little resembles either that we cannot find logic to compare him with either. So much the better, perhaps; "comparisons are odorous." Leaving Thomson and Haydn, however, let us have a chat about Spohr, of whom (the more shame to us!) we have not talked for a very long time.

What is there in Spohr that one should dare to say "Spohr is not as great a man as any of the great musicians?" What is it, when Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are mentioned in a breath—what is it that prevents us from at once adding the name of Spohr to the illustrious quintet? The subtle in discriminating musical excellence will own that this is a difficult question to answer. We proclaim ourselves incompetent to suggest a reason. Spohr is so much beyond all others, except the five, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, he is so often equal to the five in their moments of inspiration, that we feel loth not at once to place him on the sixth pedestal. Spohr is a great master; none can deny it; and to say a great master is not to say a small thing. We do not say—that is the few that judge do not say—Rossini is a great master, or Auber is a great master, or even Weber is a great master, who was nearer the mark than either. In these men, with all their genius, we find not that intense and irrepressible love of the art, for the sake of the art alone, which is surely an essential quality in the distinction. We find everything except the power which can only be acquired by its possession. But that Spohr possesses it, his life and works have shown. It is the noblest and the rarest of all the qualities which, summed together, make the supreme musician. Spohr has genius also; does any one doubt it who is able to detect originality of style—does any one doubt it who can estimate the influence of his works on the composers of our time? Genius, and a real and disinterested love of art. Here are the two most enviable qualities. Spohr has the desire and the power to write great music, and he has written great music. By great we do not mean beautiful, or dramatic—for these and more can be said of the celebrated men we have cited—but that which unites these and many other things, that which can alone be compassed by the highest gifts and the most indomitable will, combined. Spohr has compassed this and has thereby cleared

himself entirely from the herd, from whom he stands apart, as the moon at night from the lesser stars, no matter what may be their brightness. If a man had written a finer poem than *Paradise Lost*, amidst many other things inferior to other poems of Milton, that man would be a greater man than Milton. Let us apply this maxim, which we suppose to be irrefutable, to Spohr, in comparing him with Rossini, a man of splendid genius, more celebrated perhaps than Spohr, certainly more celebrated in the eyes of the world. How many will say, and not unreasonably, that Spohr has neither the fluent melody nor the dramatic colouring of Rossini. It is proved in his operas, which, compared with the best of the Italian master, are deficient in brilliancy, overcharged with unnecessary elaborations, and inferior in dramatic effect. The most zealous of Spohr's advocates would hardly refuse to own a truth so easily demonstrated by comparison. We, who, without being able to give a tangible reason at a breath, have a greater respect for Spohr than Rossini, and prefer him as a composer, shall not attempt to confute it. And yet we must assert, in support of our argument, that in the operas of Spohr (all their "heaviness" allowed), there are certain things beyond the highest flight of Rossini—things which Rossini could never have reached, because it was not in him, or of him, to reach them. What are they?—we shall be asked. First, the unity of purpose which makes an opera one particular work, not to be confounded with any other, and the component parts of which cannot be separated without detriment to the whole—no more than you can abstract a certain layer of bricks from a building without the whole tumbling down. Second, the earnestness which keeps the artist for ever at his proper dignity, and rarely leaves a point unfinished for want of care or enthusiasm. Third, the many points of fine development in which the sentiment of the drama may be seen, by those who take the pains to study the score, as it were to march in the music. Fourth, the continued evidence of purpose which demonstrates that the composer is anxious to do justice to himself, by illustrating his text to the uttermost shade of veritable expression. Fifth, the general construction of the concerted pieces and *finales*. Sixth, the elaborate finish of the orchestration. Seventh, the care with which the overture is written, showing the master of the symphonic form, the grandest and most universal, upon which all art is based, and in the absence of which no manifestation of art has the least chance of approaching perfect symmetry. These are the qualities in Spohr which we do not find in his great Italian cotemporary. These we reverence and admire, and these prove to us that Spohr is a greater man and a greater master than Rossini. Yet we are ready to confess that the *Barber of Seville* and *William Tell* afford us more absolute pleasure than *Jessenda* and *Faust*. That this pleasure may be sensual we will not deny; in respect to the *Barber of Seville*, we are sure it is; and that the purely mental delight attached to the more elevated beauties of Spohr's operatic music, demanding greater pains and attention to be enjoyed, is often neglected by ourselves, like the rest of the world, for the other. We look upon it that few straightforward picture-seekers, if they gave an honest confession of their feelings, but would own to a far greater pleasure in the pictures of Landseer than in those of finer masters, whose subjects are less "ad captandum,"—to employ a current expression. Fewer straightforward music-lovers but feel and own, if they be honest, a similar preference for the music of Rossini over that of Spohr. We are quite aware that the Italian has more charms for the multitude than the German, but, at the same

time, we insist that little importance should be attached to such distinctions where grave questions of art are concerned. There were many who preferred Salieri to Mozart, and there are many who prefer Donizetti to the same immortal genius. Not that we compare either Salieri or Donizetti to Rossini. Truth forbid we should.

Thus much avowed, thus much compared, we may return to our original proposition. If a man had written a finer poem than *Paradise Lost*, amidst many things inferior to other poems of Milton, that man would be a greater man than Milton. Applying the maxim to Spohr and Rossini, we begin with the assertion that Spohr has composed divers works which it is plainly impossible Rossini could ever have composed, because he has not the art. But, on the other hand, we cannot assert that Rossini has composed divers works which Spohr could never have composed, because he has not the invention. Spohr has not composed them, it is true, but why, we cannot undertake to decide. That Rossini has not the art of Spohr may be established by a comparison of the overtures to the operas of the two men; but that Spohr has not the invention of Rossini cannot be established by any just comparison. Whatever genius may have been exerted in the creation of *Guillaume Tell*, that which gave birth to *Die Wiehe der Töne* is still of a higher and more brilliant order; and who for one instant would hesitate to admit that the symphony, so called, is something which Rossini, with all his genius, could never have composed; and who would not hesitate to admit that the *Guillaume Tell*, or anything else by Rossini, could never have been composed by Spohr, with all his art!

(To be continued.)

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought.

Till discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried "Rise, O master!
"From the burning brood of oak,
"Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke.

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest—
Shape from that thy work of art.

LONGFELLOW.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Madame Persiani has created a *furor* in St. Petersburg. The Emperor was so delighted with the singing of this fair artist, that, at the close of her first performance, he made her a magnificent present. Carlotta Grisi, in the ballet line, has not been less successful, having made the faithless Petersburgians forget their ancient idol, Fanny Ellsler. Perrot is the ballet-master, more than which need not be said to convey an impression of the excellence of the arrangements.

PARIS.—Mr. Lumley has had one of those *coups de bonneur* which has so often carried him on the wings of good generalship to the Mount Ararat of prosperity. The *Figlia del Reggimento* has been produced for the first time on the Italian stage at Paris with Madame Sontag as the heroine. The music, which failed at the *Opera Comique*, when it was originally produced at Paris, has created a positive *furor*, and the Donizettites declare it to be the *chef d'œuvre* of their favourite master. Madame Sontag's Maria is extolled to the skies. The papers insist that she has been heard for the first time. From the impression she produced last year in this part, we can easily accredit the enthusiasm of our vivacious neighbours *d'outre mer*, or, as Clement White would say, "at the other side of the chops." It would be as well if their enthusiasm were at all times grounded on so good a basis. We expect a full account from our own correspondent.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S FOURTH CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT,
NOVEMBER 28TH, 1850.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.	{ Allegro. Andante con moto. (By desire.) In E flat, Op. 100. Schubert. Scherzo—Allegro moderato. Finale—Allegro moderato.	
Fan'asia and Sonata, Pianoforte.	{ Adagio. Allegro. Andante. Allegro. Adagio. Allegro molto. Adagio. Finale—Allegro assai.	In C minor. Mozart.

PART II.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.	{ Allegro moderato. Scherzo—Allegro. Andante cantabile. Allegro moderato. Presto.	In B flat, Op. 97. Beethoven.
Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte.	{ Serenade. In C sharp minor, Op. 56. S. Heller. Grand Polonaise. In A flat, Op. 53. Chopin.	

As will be seen, the above concert consisted entirely of instrumental music, without the usual relief of a vocal solo in each part. The omission was little, if at all, felt, for the audiences at these concerts go purposely for the sake of hearing instrumental music of the highest class, and not for the sake of the songs. There was a five minutes' pause, or breathing time, for Hallé and the audience, which was agreeably enough filled up by remarks of delight on the trio, which opened each part. The first trio was the remarkable one of Franz Schubert, given in Manchester, for the first time, at Hallé's second concert, on the 31st October. It was repeated, by desire. We were pleased at this, as it is only doing justice to Schubert's memory to have so long a composition heard again, that its merits might be more fully discerned and appreciated; and, at the same

time, it is only fair to Messrs. Hallé, Baetens, and Lidel, after bestowing so much labour and pains in getting up such a work, that they should be heard in it a second time. We need hardly say that, in their hands even, the second performance went much smoother than the first. Mr. Baetens had got rid of his refractory first string, and all three artists played the trio *con amore*, as if the more they knew the work the better they liked it; and their evident enjoyment of its performance added spirit and perfection, and gave a peculiar charm to their playing.

Of the trio itself, our first favourable impression is fully confirmed on hearing it a second time. It is admirably written throughout, for the three instruments, violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. It is full of interest, variety, and melody, and although as long as a symphony (occupying three quarters of an hour in performance), was again listened to with the deepest attention, and each movement was loudly applauded. After a short pause Hallé returned, and gave Mozart's fantasia and sonata in C minor, in such a style as can be surpassed by no living player on the pianoforte: hitherto we have almost always had one of Beethoven's sonatas, but we were nothing loth to hear this great work of Mozart's; and although it took half an hour in performance, as usual Hallé gave it entirely from memory; in fact, he plays all these great classic works just as though they were improvised by himself as he goes on, so completely is he master of every variety of touch and expression; they might be the emanation of his own mind at the moment, so completely does he identify himself with them; and yet how quietly and modestly he does it all. He sits down to the instrument with his fair hair and pale thoughtful countenance, as if not an auditor was near him, his mind evidently bent on the work he is about to develop with his hands; but, as we have said before, there is no describing him or the works he plays. You must *see* and *hear* the one, and *feel* the other. Nothing less than talent as great in writing could do justice to either subject. The grand trio, in B flat (Op. 97), was another glorious treat (the only piece of Beethoven's given on this occasion). The three talented artists again seemed all at home with their subject, and at ease in playing with and to each other. Mr. Baetens is a capital chamber performer, so unobtrusive and anxious for the success of the whole—not for his own display; and Lidel never delighted us more with his fine tones and masterly execution on his charming instrument (the violoncello); this trio was done twice last year (in March, we believe, and in December we are certain with Piatto), so was enjoyed as an old friend. We cannot and will not attempt to describe each movement—it is a most wonderful example of the master-mind—full of fancy and waywardness—yet replete with grace and beauty. In the opening allegro there are two lovely subjects given out by the pianoforte, taken up in turn by the violoncello and violin. The scherzo opens with a dreamy rumbling solo for the violoncello, followed by the fourth string of the violin—a sort of chaos in miniature—gradually swelling into a crescendo for the three instruments, until resolved by a grand chord, when away they all dart off with a brilliant allegro. Lidel seemed to enjoy this movement amazingly. The andante cantabile is remarkable for its solemn hymnal strains, gradually flowing into a second allegro, and terminating in a brilliant yet grand presto finale. It is as fine a trio as ever Beethoven wrote—the pianoforte passages are exceedingly rich and florid throughout. The applause was most hearty and unanimous, as it deserved to be. After such a talented performance, we could not wish to hear anything more perfect.

The selections on this occasion were a serenade, by St. Heller, (in C sharp, minor,) and a noisy polonaise by Chopin, in strong contrast, and both well chosen to display Hallé's execution, and these writers somewhat eccentric schools of composition.

The concert (without a vocalist) was not over until nearly half-past ten o'clock, yet we saw no symptoms of fatigue in the audience. Hallé alone seemed somewhat exhausted with his arduous and continuous exertions, yet he must have felt some compensation by perceiving how fully his great efforts were appreciated by the deeply-attentive audience, who all remained to the close. No one can leave such a concert without feeling elevated and having a loftier impression of the uses and aims of music of so high a character! How deeply we shall miss these intellectual feasts when the present series is over! The next concert—the last, but one!—we see is fixed for the 12th instant.

LEICESTER.

(From a Contemporary.)

On Monday evening the oratorio of *The Creation* was performed in the New Hall by a band and chorus of more than a hundred performers, the projectors of the Leicester Subscription Concerts (of which this was the second of the present season) having secured the co-operation of the Choral Society for this the approaching performance of *The Messiah*. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips; and all three amply fulfilled the expectations of the crowded and fashionable audience brought together by the occasion. Mrs. Newton was in excellent voice, and her execution of her portion of the solo and concerted music, gained for her repeated marks of applause. So, too, with Mr. Phillips, who still ranks first among our sacred vocalists; and so also with Mr. Lockey, who rendered "In native worth" with such effect as to call forth an irresistible, and the only encore of the evening. The choruses were given with great precision and effect, and so were the accompaniments throughout. Among the principal instrumentalists were Mr. H. Gill (leader), Mr. Weston (principal second violin), Mr. A. Nicholson (oboe), Mr. H. Nicholson, jun. (flute), Mr. Waldron (bassoon), Mr. Graham (viola), Mr. Brown (violoncello), Mr. Smith (clarinet), Mr. J. Smith (trumpet), Mr. Nicholson, sen. (ophicleide). Mr. H. Farmer, of Nottingham, was the conductor; and both to him and to Mr. Gill great praise is due for the admirable manner in which this beautiful work was given from beginning to end. To Miss Deacon, also, a few words of praise are due for her careful drilling of the treble choristers, and for her energetic leading of that most important department of the orchestra. The performance of *The Messiah* is fixed for the 7th of January next. Music is becoming quite in the ascendant in this ancient borough. Mr. J. N. Sporic, the balladist, is about to give two evenings here "On Rhyme and Reason," in the which he will administer a metrical mauling to the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. Close upon his heels follows "A Christmas Choral Concert," to be given by the Mechanics' Institute, at which the principal vocalists will be—Miss Cobb, of Grantham; and Messrs. Boyce, Oldershaw, and Branston. White, on the 16th, John Parry is again going to see if his "Notes" are not changeable into current coin of the realm in the town of Leicester as well as elsewhere.

CAMBRIDGE.

(From the Cambridge Independent Press.)

MR. WOOD'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE cultivation of music has become so great among us for the last few years, that it is now an object of acknowledged utility, as well as a source of pure and elevated pleasure, that the people of the provinces should be every now and then favoured with the performance of the highest works of musical art, executed in the best possible manner. Though railroads have made it easy in respect to the expenditure of both time and money to run up to London, where such performances are now, happily, matter of almost daily occurrence, most of us still prefer to have our enjoyments brought to our own doors, rather than to travel more than a hundred miles in search of them; and all of us who own to the stay-at-home disposition, are deeply indebted to Mr. Wood for the exquisite musical treat with which he provided us on Tuesday last. The names of the artists engaged preclude us from the necessity of any detailed criticism on their performance. When Sterndale Bennett, Molique, and Piatto combine to interpret the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, we need not say that the whole public is delighted, and that musical amateurs are enraptured and instructed. Were we obliged to select from that which was all good, what gave us the most gratification, we should be inclined to dwell upon Mendelssohn's splendid "Duo for the pianoforte and violoncello," and the "Trio of Beethoven," with which the concert was worthily brought to a conclusion. Nor can we omit to mention Bach's "Duo for the pianoforte and violin," which is not only so noble a work of itself, but was doubly interesting from its contrast with the great modern work with which it was brought into comparison.

Besides these famous pieces, in which the great artists engaged nobly sustained their reputation, "a duo of Beethoven's for the pianoforte and violin" was admirably played by Mr. Wood, jun.,

and Herr Molique. Mr. Wood appeared before a Cambridge audience two years ago, and won for himself golden opinions. He was then just commencing his professional career, after studying his instrument some time under Sterndale Bennett; and greatly as we were then pleased with his performance, we are bound to say that he has made good use of the time that has intervened, and showed himself on Tuesday evening a worthy pupil of his master. We believe that we can give him no higher praise, for to us Mr. Bennett's pianoforte playing is perfection. He does not attempt to turn his instrument into an orchestral band, nor into a juggler's ladder; and so long as we are permitted to listen to his clear tones, so equable in quality, so graduated in expression, to his perfect rendering of his author's meaning, elaborated by his own taste and sensibility, without the least exaggeration or whim, we are content to do without the crash of sounds that startle weak nerves, or the marvellous mechanical dexterity of finger which has turned pianoforte playing into an exhibition of legerdemain.

With respect to the two pieces of Mr. Bennett's, with which the composer himself opened the second part of the concert, our only complaint is that they were too short, and that the tacitly acknowledged rule of the evening rendered necessary by the arduous task of the performer, prevented that encore which otherwise they would evidently have received. Mr. Bennett's music is not often played perfectly, except by Mr. Bennett. The printed notes seem dead letter in any hands but those of the author. The only thing we know to compare to it is Shelley's lyric poetry. Both have the same marvellous melody, arising not so much from the outward and visible form, as from the sentiment, almost etherealised into thought, which they express, and which must moderate the voice and animate the finger of him who would translate the dead letter into the living spirit. This is not the case with Mr. Bennett's songs. Whether from their simplicity of construction, or from whatever cause it arise, we have frequently heard them sung in great perfection; and on Tuesday night Miss Owen, a young lady whose simplicity of dress and manner was in admirable keeping with the thoroughly artistic character of the concert, delighted the audience, and compelled them to break through the rule of not demanding an encore, with that old favourite, "Chloe in sickness." This was the first appearance of Miss Owen in Cambridge, but we hope we may have the pleasure of hearing her again on some future occasion, for we consider her a singer of great promise. In conclusion, we heartily thank Mr. Wood; and we do so the more heartily because it is certain that concerts got up at such an expense of time, trouble, and money, as this and its predecessor, can owe their origin to nothing but a pure love of music, and an unselfish desire to promote among his fellow-townsmen a knowledge and an appreciation of the highest works of musical art. We can only hope that he is so far satisfied with the result of these two evenings, that we may look forward to others of the same character; and we trust that Mr. Wood's classical concert is now established as one of the institutions of the town of Cambridge.

CHELLENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

This place is filling rapidly; and, in consequence, the balls and winter concerts have commenced. Mr. Joseph Haigh, *Primo Basso Profondo* at the principal theatres in Italy, gave a soirée musicale, on the 21st ult., at the Montpelier Rotundo, which was patronised by Sir Archibald and Lady MacLaine, and fashionably attended. He was supported by Miss Binckes (from the Nobilities' Concerts, London), Miss Watcham, Mr. Matthias Von Holst, and Mr. Cianchetti, conductor at the pianoforte. This was Miss Binckes's first appearance in Cheltenham, as well as Mr. Joseph Haigh's, and both were successful. Miss Binckes was, also, very well received in her pianoforte fantasia, by Schuloff on Bohemian airs, being honoured with immense applause, which seldom falls to the lot of an English artist in Cheltenham. Mr. Joseph Haigh has a good voice; and when he has acquired more confidence, indispensable to a vocalist or to an orator, he may obtain a good rank in his profession. The Italian theatres, we understand, are the goal of Mr. J. H.'s ambition, in the successful pursuit of which he has our best wishes. Miss Watcham is a young vocalist, who likes "classical" songs, and, therefore, deserves to be encouraged.

Mr. M. Von Holst, son and pupil of the once popular Gustavus Von Holst, was very favourably received in his P F fantasia (one of his own composition, we believe). He can also "show off," when required to do so, with "the classics," Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c.; in short, he has been properly educated. The soirée gave general satisfaction; and we hope for another visit from Mr. J. Haigh before the winter season has closed.

DERBY.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening a grand performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, took place in the Lecture Hall, for the first time in Derby. In order to give due effect to this magnificent work, Mrs. Alex. Newton, Miss Lizzy Stuart, and Mr. Henry Phillips were engaged as solo vocalists, the tenor being sustained by Mr. Bregazzi. Mr. Winsor, from the London Sacred Harmonic Society, was the principal double bass, and Mr. Alfred Nicholson, of the Philharmonic and Royal Italian Opera Bands, was the principal oboe. All the available talent in Derby, with assistance from Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Rugby, &c., gave weight to the orchestra chorus, and the result was highly creditable to all parties engaged in the performance. The hall was crowded, all the leading gentry of town and country being present. Mrs. A. Newton made a very favourable impression by her singing the principal soprano music, and Miss Lizzy Stuart, a young *debutante*, gave great satisfaction in the music allotted to her, especially exemplified in the beautiful song, "O rest in the Lord," which was all but encored. Mr. H. Phillip's *Elijah* is too well known to require comment; his songs with obligato for violoncello and oboe, "It is enough," and "For the mountains," were most charmingly accompanied by Mr. H. Farmer and Mr. Alfred Nicholson. Mr. Bregazzi, our local tenor, gave the songs he had to sing with much vigour. Mr. Norton led and Mr. W. E. Gouer conducted the performance. Every praise is due to the last-named gentleman for the spirit and liberality which he displayed in his engagements, and for the production of this great work on so large a scale. We hope ere long to have a repetition of this oratorio, and also to hear on a similar scale the sublime *Messiah* and *The Creation*.

BEDWORTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The members of the Bedworth Choral Society gave their first miscellaneous concert in the National School Rooms on Tuesday evening, and evinced by the judicious selection of music as well as the manner of performance, great advancement in vocal art. Danby's "Fair flower, decks the flowery vale," Stephen's "From Oberon in fairy land," as also, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," Horsley's "Fairy Queen," "Winds, whisper gently," by Celia, Abor, all gave evidence of marked improvement, and the greatest satisfaction to a very numerous and most respectable audience, amongst whom may be enumerated Lady Lifford, C. N. Newdigate, Esq., M.P., and Miss Newdigate, Rev. H. Bellain's family, Rev. C. Bellain, vice-president, under whose fostering care the society has risen rapidly. We must, however, enter a protest against the substitution of male voices for the soprano parts. Such a vulgar, if not barbarous custom, may have obtained in village choirs formerly, but is now universally exploded. The weighty, unwieldy nature of men's voices can never with propriety be substituted for the light and ariel characteristics of female voices. Doubling the parts in short of the glees we also decidedly object to. The light and elegant structure of glee-writing was never intended for such a metamorphosis. We hope these hints will be taken in good part, as so many fine voices are worthy of the best culture, and they would do well to adhere to the best models. Mr. J. Mc. Ewer presided at the pianoforte with ability.

SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last, the 25th of November, Mr. Saunders concluded his series of instrumental concerts previous to the Christmas holidays. The concerts have done credit to the conductor, who presented a band, music, and solo artists, of unexcept-

tionable character. With the exception of one night, however, that on which the Messrs. Distin performed, the attendance has not been good. The principal instrumental music performed during the series has been overtures—*Zampa*, *Massaniello*, *Men of Prometheus*, Romberg's in D, and a MS. production of Mr. Saunders, the conductor; selections from *Der Freischütz*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*; symphony in C, Beethoven, &c.; Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c. Mr. Saunders deserves much praise, and the general excellence of the concerts has been admitted.

Mr. Saunders has engaged M. Jullien, with his band, Jetty Treffz, and Vivier, for January 13th, 1851.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

THE "farewell performances" of the present week have been *King Lear*, on Saturday; *Richard the Second*, on Monday; *Henry the Eighth*, on Wednesday; and *Richard the Second*, repeated, on Thursday.

Richard the Second is one of the plays of Shakspeare which has not obtained great success in representation. It abounds in passages of the highest beauty, and is replete with sentiments that exhibit the writer profoundly versed in humanity; it possesses some scenes of surpassing force and skill, and the characters in the main all are drawn and contrasted with inimitable vigour; nevertheless, the play has never been a favourite on the stage, and the reason is simply, that there is little or no plot, and that the characters fail to excite any interest. The hero himself, until towards the close of the drama, has no claim to our sympathies. We see him at first mean and ambitious; stern and pitiless; timid and arrogant, without a single redeeming quality. It is only when touched by adversity that the wretched monarch gives evidence of a heart not altogether closed against virtue and goodness, and that the sparks of dignity long smouldering in his soul light up for a moment, and throw a halo around him. In undertaking a character somewhat repulsive, it will readily be granted that the actor has no very easy task. Indeed we know no part in the whole range of the drama which so strongly taxes the powers of an artist to render it interesting. After witnessing the *Richard the Second* of Mr. Macready a second time, we are led, without hesitation, to pronounce it one of his masterpieces.

And first let us pay all homage to the great actor for giving us for the first time on the stage Shakspeare's *Richard the Second*. The difference between the original play and the one usually performed, may be seen by comparing the "acted copy" of *Richard the Second* in Cumberland's edition, with the tragedy in any of the allowed editions. The reader will wonder, indeed, for what purposes the so-called "emendations" were made, and why they were sanctioned and retained by Edmund Kean, Elliston, and Charles Kemble.

Richard the Second was last produced, unless our memory deceive us, in 1822, at Drury Lane. Edmund Kean then played the King, and Elliston, Bolinbroke. The tragedy was got up with great splendour and care, yet it was not successful, despite the powerful acting of Kean. It was soon consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. The disfavour shown by the London public to *Richard the Second* had previously hindered Mr. Macready from producing the play on a metropolitan stage, even after he had brought it out in the provinces, and performed *Richard* with distinguished success. Among his farewell performances, however, he did not think it advisable to leave it out, and we thank his farewell performances for exhibiting to us for the first time so truthful and finished a delineation.

The view Mr. Macready takes of the character of King Richard may at first startle the reader of Shakspeare. During the two first acts he plays the hypocrite throughout, until in the scene with the dying Gaunt he is stung into momentary anger by his reproaches; but he soon relapses into indifference, evidently assumed, and bears the long tirade of York without an emotion. A more cold-blooded piece of acting we never witnessed; nor one which, after consideration, we think more conformable to the spirit of the poet. But the very reality of the performance is disagreeable. While applauding the artist we are by no means reconciled to the character. Curiosity, rather than interest, bids us mark the hero's progress to the end.

In the third act, Richard has returned from the Irish wars, having conquered that unconquerable kingdom the eleventh time of its vanquishment. Here the character of the king undergoes a material change; superinduced, doubtless, by the mild climate and the fierce inhabitants of the ever green island. Amidst much levity and vacillation there is evidenced an amount of tenderness and dignity which we were not led to anticipate from the earlier scenes of the drama. There was infinite tenderness in Macready's delivery of the fine speech to the earth; and the answer to Aumerle, wherein the King rebukes him for his fears, was rendered with that high bearing consonant to the occasion. The lines,

"Not all the waters in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King."

were given with great point. The suddenness and profundity of the King's dejection when he hears of the revolt and falling off of his friends, was admirably sustained; and the great speech, commencing—

"Of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,"

was a powerful display of pathetic elocution. The whole of this scene was imitatively played, and drew down loud bursts of applause.

If we had space we could point to the scene with Bolinbroke, and the abdication scene as full of numerous beauties. In the former Mr. Macready made a splendid point, when he tells Bolinbroke, who had been kneeling, to rise:—

"Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low."
(Touching his forehead.)

These lines were spoken with electrical effect.

The death scene was well managed, but the speech in the prison was, we fancy, cut too short.

If we could find it in our hearts to make an exception to this noble performance, we should point to an occasional over-fretfulness,—a sometime womanish display of tears and sorrow, which, however true to the character, ought not, we think, to be manifested and insisted on in the performance to too great an extent. At all events a little concealment would make us respect the character of Richard a little more.

That Mr. Macready, by his personation of King Richard, has added a new leaf to his crown of laurels, must be conceded by every one who saw the performance on Monday, or Thursday. We doubt nevertheless, that *Richard the Second* would draw, even with Mr. Macready's representation of the hero, but for the circumstances and time under which it has been produced.

Cardinal Wolsey, in *Henry the Eighth*, is one of the Shaksperian characters with which the name of Macready is strongly identified. The performance of the wily and arrogant Churchman is exceedingly powerful and striking, and among

the great actor's acknowledged delineations we in vain look for one more profoundly conceived or artistically wrought.

To-night *Macbeth* is played for the last time previous to the final performance of each part. On Monday *King John* will be given; and on Wednesday an act of *Henry the Fourth*, and *The Jealous Wife*, Mr. Macready appearing for this night only in comedy.

PRINCESS'S.

Mr. Tom Taylor's farce *To Parents and Guardians*, representing the freaks and follies of a large boys' school, was one of the most successful pieces produced at the Lyceum during Mrs. Keeley's management. It was on Monday night revived at the Princess's, with all the original representatives of the principal characters, Mrs. Keeley being the smart boy, Mr. Keeley the dull "fag," and Mr. Alfred Wigan the French usher.

LYCEUM.

The managers of this house have made a bold move from their usual routine of vaudeville, and light comedy. They have ventured into the regions of the "drame," and pretty far too, as our readers will believe when we state that the new drama produced on Wednesday night, under the title of a *Day of Reckoning*, ends with the death of Mr. C. Mathews. Let us hasten to state that the step is not only bold but good, and that the attempt to try new resources has proved completely successful.

A lady of charitable propensities (Madame Vestris) has been forced to marry the worthless Count de Arentthal (Mr. C. Mathews), although she loves a certain interesting M. de Barville (Mr. Butler). She does good to poor families, while her husband leads a dissipated life, and she, moreover, attempts to pay all the debts he has contracted. Among other objects of her charity has been the family of an upholsterer, who has been ruined through the non-payment of a debt due to him by the Count. Claude Moreau (Mr. G. J. Vining), the son of the upholsterer, finding, after a long absence, that his mother is dead, and that his father is in prison, calls upon the Count with the hope of receiving part of the debt, but is insolently answered by a reference to a clause in the French code which corresponds with our "Statute of Limitations." Stung by despair, he listens to the proposition of a low ruffian to rob the Count's house; and he has already entered it, when he discovers, by a gold ornament, that the Countess is his mother's benefactress. Relinquishing his purpose, he now defends the house against his accomplice; and receiving a wound in the struggle, is, as a reward, taken by the Countess into her service. The Countess retires to her own estate on the sea-coast, accompanied by Claude, who now attends her as gamekeeper. In the meanwhile, her infamous husband, hoping to obtain a divorce on the most advantageous terms possible, is closely watching for some evidence of her infidelity. Arriving suddenly, he finds M. de Barville on the premises, and challenges him to a duel. Claude, on hearing the challenge, and knowing that the Countess must be unhappy whichever way the contest terminates, misleads De Barville as to the place of appointment; and, meeting the Count himself, forces him to a combat, in which both are killed. The audience are left to suppose a happy marriage of the widow and De Barville.

This piece, which is adapted from the French by Mr. Planché, is here and there a little spun out, and the last scene is, perhaps, less strong than those which have led up to it. There is, however, this great advantage, that the interest is well sustained throughout, and that several of the situations are strikingly marked. The sentiment connected with the

young plebeian, whose inspiring motive is respect for his mother's memory, gives a pleasing tone to the story, and the character is played with much manly spirit by Mr. Vining. The Count is a rascal of the deepest die, but he is exquisitely polished, and the cool deliberation of Mr. C. Mathews, in representing a man smooth of tongue but firm of purpose, could scarcely be surpassed. Especially excellent is the manner in which he calmly bullies a profligate gull, who makes loves to his wife, and is played with becoming *gaucherie* by Mr. Roxby. Madame Vestris has a character not in her usual line, as the benevolent Countess, but she acts it with a nice perception of the sentiment, and the few touches of fire, when wrongs awaken the wrath of this meek being, tell with much effect. The part of a low robber, not very significant in itself, is well brought out by the unctuous acting of Mr. F. Mathews.

The applause at the fall of the curtain was loud, continuous, and enthusiastic.

MARYLEBONE.

Dion Bourcicault's comedy, *London Assurance*, has been produced here. Aided by the "fair sisters twain," Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Mordaunt, and all the scenic resources of this theatre, it went off with a spirit and *éclat* that has certainly not been excelled since its first production. It was followed, on Monday, by Sheridan Knowles's play of *Love*. This piece, with all its popularity, is not, in our opinion, one of the author's happiest productions. The theme is one on which his powers are unrivalled; but several of the scenes are drawn out to such a length as very materially to mar the general effect. Mr. Joseph Stammers, the lessee, took the part of Huon, being his first appearance on the stage. We will not venture to say more at present of his performance than that it was rather that of an intelligent student than of an accomplished actor. His best scene was the trying one, in which the Countess desires him to sign the contract of marriage with Catherine. Mr. Stammers has an excellent voice, but we would caution him against overstraining it. We shall be able to report more confidently of this gentleman when a little time and experience have rid him of the restraint and nervousness inseparable from a first attempt in the higher walks of the drama. The part of Catherine is not very well suited to Mrs. Nisbett. In the scene, however, in which, in the disguise of a cavalier, she taunts her lover, she was inimitable. Miss Mordaunt confirmed the favourable impression she made on her first appearance. Nightly full houses testify to the success of the new management as far as it has gone.

KNEBWORTH THEATRICALS.

EXERCISING the profession, while independent of its pecuniary advantages, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has ever shown himself prompt to acknowledge the dignity of letters; zealous to alleviate the hard condition of his less prosperous brethren. Literary men have not always shown themselves mindful of this; but if literature receive not its recognition by the state and society, it is to themselves that they owe indifference and neglect. Animated by a sense of dignity, they might command a position as the lay priesthood of the world; but, possessed by the superstition of the Indian, they think if they can destroy a man of genius, they must, of necessity, inherit the genius of their victim. No man has been more obnoxious to this species of injustice than Bulwer; and no man has passed through the ordeal of malignity with a brighter reputation. It is to the energy of Bulwer the English dramatist owes the reward of his labour; to the championship of the

late member for Lincoln, Knowles, in his declining life, is not left to poverty; while the "star" has 50*l.* per night, the bard is in "unregarded corners thrown."

The desire to bring together, in his beautiful ancestral Hall of Knebworth, the authors and artists whose efforts in the cause of veteran writers had been so heartily acknowledged, was what might have been expected from Sir Lytton. Four years since, it was a venture for writers and artists to step from their privacy to the public stage; but the cause justified the means; whilst the histrionic aspirations of the troop—the Dickens's troop—crowned the act of brotherhood. The same men, with two or three additions—*vide bill*—met on the 18th inst., at Knebworth. The great hall was fitted up as a theatre; and few in pit and gallery could have supposed that a day or two before the theatre had been the banquetting-hall.

The pieces were—*Every Man in his Humour*, with *Animal Magnetism*, the first night; the farce changed the last two nights for *Turning the Tables*. On the first night the audience was composed of many of Sir Edward's tenantry, farmers, with their wives and daughters, and the tradespeople from the surrounding towns and villages of Hertfordshire. On the second, Duchesses, Earls, Countesses, and Hertfordshire gentry abounded. On the third, a sprinkling of clergy, law, and medicine. We subjoin the cast of the comedy, from the bill:—

Knowell (an Old Gentleman)	Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.
Edward Knowell (his Son)	Mr. Henry Hawkins.
Brainworm (the Father's Man)	Mr. Mark Lemon.
George Downright (a Plain Squire)	Mr. Frank Stone.
Wellbred (his Half-Brother)	Mr. Henry Hale.
Kitely (a Merchant)	Mr. John Forster.
Captain Bobadil (a Paul's Man)	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Thomas Cash (Kitely's Cashier)	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Master Stephen (a Country Gull)	Mr. Douglas Jerrold.
Master Matthew (the Town Gull)	Mr. John Leech.
Oliver Cobb (a Water-bearer)	Mr. Augustus Egg.
Justice Clement (an old merry Magistrate)	The Hon. Elliott York, M.P.
Roger Formal (his Clerk)	Mr. Phantom.
Dame Kitely (Kitely's Wife)	Miss Ann Romer.
Mistress Bridget (his Sister)	Miss Hogarth.
Tib (Cob's Wife)	Mrs. Mark Lemon.

(who most kindly consented to act in lieu of Mrs. Charles Dickens, disabled by accident.)

The farce on Monday was *Animal Magnetism*: the actors were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, John Leach, Augustus Egg, Miss Hogarth, and Miss Ann Romer. On Tuesday and Wednesday, *Turning the Tables*:—

Mr. Knibbs	Mr. Frank Stone.
Jeremiah Bumps	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Edgar de Courcy	Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.
Thornton	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Jack Humphries	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Miss Knibbs	Miss Hogarth.
Mrs. Humphries	Mrs. Mark Lemon.
Patty Larkins	Miss Ann Romer.

The audiences literally, as the French have it, "assisted at the play." On the last night—introduced by a loyal compliment to the Queen, the early act of whose reign was the recognition of the claims of men of letters, written and delivered by Charles Dickens—all the company sang "God save the Queen," the audience joining with heartiness in the chorus.

At the conclusion of the comedy, the following epilogue—written by F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq.—was spoken by the author and Mr. Henry Hale:—

Enter OLD KNOWELL and WELLBRED.

Knowell. At last the play is over.

Wellbred. Yes, and all, Thank Heaven! has ended with the curtain's fall.

Knowell. Be thankful 'tis well over; think how kind All those in front have been to those behind.

Wellbred. Kind, truly, in applause. What will they say, When they get home? that is the question.

Knowell. Nay, That is a question we can not decide.

All I can say is—I believe all tried To do their best.

Wellbred. Well! even Don Ferdinando,

You know, can do no more than a man can do!

Knowell. We were, of course, prepared for admiration

Of those bright London stars, that constellation,

The light of any sphere!

Wellbred. 'Twere thought, I ween, A dainty dish to set before the Queen!

I am not surprised that they have raised a fuss,

But that they condescend to play with us—

With rustics like myself, and one or two more.

Knowell. Why, because 'Every Man is in his Humour.

In truth, they all have proved themselves right hearty

In their alliance with the "Country Party,"

Kitely was great,—as he had been before.

Wellbred. You must admit old Knowell was a bore.

Knowell. An' if he were, Wellbred might let that pass.

Wellbred. Softly!—hem! Shakespeare!—"Write me down, an ass!"

Knowell. As touching Shakespeare—you know, I suppose,

That Knowell's was the part great Shakespeare chose

To act himself. Would that his soul divine

Could shed a fostering influence on mine!

Wellbred. A Forstering influence I think you said?

That brings me back to Kitely. On that head,

Kitely was great, beyond my power of speech.

Knowell. And Matthew stuck to Bobadil like a LARCH.

Wellbred. By Pharaoh's foot! that oath with the humour

chimes— Perhaps they will be buttered in the Times!

Knowell. Talk not to me about the Times or Herald,

Give me three pennyworth of DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Amongst that party there are pretty pickins!

But say—can newspaper describe CHARLES DICKENS?

Author and actor; manager; the soul

Of all who read or hear him! on the whole,

A very Household Word.

Wellbred. That's true. But still, With stores of sweets, and worlds of wit at will,

They can't do without LEMON.

Knowell. Devil doubt it! How do ye think they'd make their Punch without it?

All act together; none for self alone. Did you mark Downright?

Wellbred. Plainly, cut in STONE.

Knowell. A precious stone! But last, not least I beg,

Regard the touches of AUGUSTUS EGG.

Wellbred. Now, how about the Ladies?

Knowell. For my part, I have got their perfections all by heart.

Wellbred. Hush! What will DICKENS say to such sweet word?

Knowell. Why, that his lady emulates her lord.

A word on her sad accident; but quite

Impromptu, not intended for tonight.

Oh, may she soon recover from her sprain,

To tread with us, her friends, these boards again!

Wellbred. That fall sank all our spirits; but in need

'Tis said a friend is found a friend indeed.

Successful friendship has our cares allay'd—

Knowell. Ay; and the case relieved by LEMON-AID.

For Bridget—say, could HOGARTH's self compare

In portraiture with this our Thespian fair?

Wellbred. Go back from Hogarth, if you please, to Homer,

You'll find Thalia has become a ROMER.

Knowell. Indeed! Since she thought proper here to roam,

It seems to me she finds herself at home!

The three together carry all before 'em;

Their sex applaud them, and the men adore 'em!

Wellbred. Bravo! I go with you, and with your whim;

We have all done bravely!

Knowell. "How we apples swim!"

But let us now no longer jest or jeer; I have a word in earnest for your ear.

Say, that to-night we have not played in vain—

Would'st thou, another evening, thy again?

Wellbred. Why, that depends on circumstances; in fact,

Upon the Play they might propose to act.

Would that I had to choose!

Knowell. What hast thou hit on?
Wellbred. Why, on your choice.
We swear by BUTLER LYTON!
On this occasion he has cast aside Productions worthy of parental pride;
Discarded all the offspring of his pen,
And shelved himself to make way for OLD BEN—
Knowell. Come, don't get prosy when you should be funny.

Of course, we all should like to get up "Money."
But, let us think no more of that we have not;
We may be satisfied with what we have got.
Congratulate our Host on his success;
Try what he will, he can have nothing less.
He has gained the object of his aim and ends—
Well pleased his Guests, and entertained his Friends.

The play at Knebworth will long remain a pleasant legend in Herts. Sir Edward played the host munificently to his five hundred guests. On the morning of the last performance he presented Miss Ann Romer with a beautiful bracelet—a memorial from a man of genius to a young actress of promise.

REVIEWS.

"Sybil;" Romance for the Piano-forte. Dedicated to B. Disraeli, Esq.—
"Picciola; ou, Le chaus du Captif." Dedicated to Mrs. Anderson.—
"Première Nocturne," for the Piano-forte.—"The Fairy's Dream;" Romance for the Piano-forte. By Brinley Richards.—CHAPPELL, New Bond Street.

AMONG the recent examples of the style of piano-forte music at present in vogue, few more successfully appeal to the exigencies of popular taste, and more thoroughly realise the *beau idéal* of fashionable elegance than the above-named publications. *Sybil*, *Picciola*, *Première Nocturne*, and *The Fairy's Dream*, are all specimens of Mr. Brinley Richards in his most happy and fluent manner. They abound in *ad captandum* tune, a great essential in music of the sort, and are overrun with passages both brilliant and neatly turned. The principal objection to the modern piano-forte music of the drawing-room and boudoir is a certain affectation of sentiment, from which Mr. Richards is entirely free. In his lightest passages there is a certain intention of refinement, which indicates a desire to satisfy the amateur and the professor simultaneously, and must render his pieces acceptable to both.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DONCASTER.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert for the season took place at the Guildhall, on Thursday evening. The popularity which accompanied the performances, last year, appeared to be on the increase. The hall was filled, and many persons found themselves unable to obtain seats. The programme presented many attractive features. Mr. Rogers acted as conductor, and the band, as on former occasions, was led by Mr. Seale. The vocalists were Miss Williams and Mr. Machin. The fame of the lady had preceded her, and much interest was excited to hear her. The first part began with the *sinfonia*, No. 2 (Haydn), which made little impression. Mr. Machin sang "The Wanderer" (Schubert) in a style which met with a favourable reception. Miss Williams was honoured with a most hearty welcome; and sang the aria "Chefaro" (Gluck) amid the deepest attention of the audience. Her voice is full, clear, and distinct; and her reading free from obscurity. Beethoven's trio, by Messrs. Rogers, Seale, and Turton, on the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello met with loud applause. Balfé's duet, "O'er Shepherd Pipe," by Miss Williams and Mr. Machin, did not produce the effect anticipated. Mr. Machin, in the "Sailor's Journal" (Dibdin), was honoured with an encore. Macfarren's ballad, "She shines before me like a Star," by Miss Williams, was admirably sung; and at its conclusion, the call for a repetition was so loud and so unanimous as to be unmistakable; and the fair vocalist, instead of substituting another piece as has been recently the custom, without any plausible reason, repeated it with, if possible, increased energy. The first part

terminated with the overture to the *Caliph of Bagdad*. After a short pause, the second opened with Rossini's overture to *Tancredi*. The band would have been more powerful and effective by addition. Mozart's aria, "Io ti lascio," was given by Miss Williams admirably. She was greeted with loud applause. Handel's recitative and air by Mr. Machin was also well received. Much anxiety was evinced with respect to the grand fantasia on the piano-forte by Mr. J. Rogers. On presenting himself he was received with encouraging applause. At the conclusion, the applause was tremendous, with a cordial encore. On being recalled, Mr. J. Rogers played a fantasia, by Droyschok, and the applause was again tremendous. Miss Williams was also loudly recalled in the ballad, "I've sat in gilded palaces," which was pathetic and impressive throughout. Mr. Machin was likewise recalled in the ballad, "Philip the Falconer" (Loder), which was well sung. Mozart's duet, "La ci darem," succeeded. After Haydn's *sinfonia*, No. 10, had been played by the band, the evening's performances were brought to a conclusion by "God save the Queen." We cannot but congratulate the managing committee on this auspicious commencement of the winter concerts, which are a source of rational enjoyment and of high gratification; and we confidently trust, that on the occasions which are to follow, the lovers of music will see, more and more, the propriety of increased patronage and encouragement, in order that the Doncaster Philharmonic, although it may not aspire to the perfection which the larger means of more populous towns entitle them to reach, that it may be enabled to present greater novelties, and insure, if possible, a higher degree of approbation.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

ACTORS AND THEIR SALARIES.—The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed among the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and Æsopus, his contemporary, amassed prodigious fortunes by their professional labours. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that he at last declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years. A modern manager would give something to stumble on such a Roscius. No wonder he was fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. Æsopus, at an entertainment, produced a single dish, stuffed with singing-birds, which according to Dr. Arbuthnot's computation, must have cost about £4,883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money. It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father. Garrick retired at the age of sixty, having been thirty-five years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of *vertu*. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable to the extreme of liberality when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realised a larger fortune than Garrick, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had, through life, heavy demands on her earnings; and he, in an evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent Garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome independence. Macready is about doing the same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Farren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be a "warm man." Long may he continue so! Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career, and produced a vacancy we are not likely to see filled up. John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and

musicians. An importation "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakespeare. *Trinculo*, in the "Tempest," thus apostrophises the recumbent monster, *Caliban*, whom he takes for a fish:—"Were I in England now (as I was once), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man—any strange beast there makes a man."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

DR. BEXFIELD has just completed an oratorio, the title of which is *Israel Restored*.

BRIGHTON.—The Berlin Choir gave two concerts at this place during the week, both of which were well attended.

BLACKHEATH.—The Berlin Choir gave a concert at the Green Man, on Wednesday. The room was well, but might have been better, attended.

LIVERPOOL.—The quartets of Mozart and Mendelssohn, introduced by Mr. Thomas, the violinist, at his recent chamber concert, were those respectively in E and D.—(From a correspondent).

ALFRED TENNYSON has been appointed Poet Laureate in ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of William Wordsworth, deceased.

PARIS.—Auber's new opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, was produced on Wednesday night with prodigious success. A vogue equal to that enjoyed by *Masaniello*, twenty years ago, is anticipated for this new *chef-d'œuvre*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This elegant little theatre has been let by Messrs. Braham, the proprietors, to Mr. Anderson, the conjuror, who styles himself rather boldly "The Wizard of the North." Are we to have no *Opera Comique*?

MADAME THILLON gave her new entertainment, with Mr. Hudson, at Brighton, on Wednesday, with the greatest success, Mr. Edward Loder lending his valuable assistance. The entertainment was also repeated at Willis's Rooms, on Friday and Tuesday, the audience, on each occasion, being numerous and fashionable.

PRESENTATION TO MR. GEORGE SANDERS.—(From a correspondent).—We find by the Sheffield papers that the exertions of Mr. George Sanders, professor of singing, to spread abroad by lectures and public classes a love for music, are not unapproved of. At a large meeting held at the Cutlers' Hall, a handsome writing-case was presented to him by Wilson Overend, Esq., in the name of the committee and students of the People's College, an institution where Mr. Sanders teaches singing. The *escritoire* bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. George Sanders, by the committee and students of the People's College, Sheffield, as a small acknowledgment for his valuable services in conducting the singing classes connected with the institution."

CHELLENHAM.—Mr. Charles Jefferys' Concerts took place at the Assembly Rooms on the mornings of Wednesday and Thursday, and on the evening of the latter day. The "star" was the boy-pianist, Heinrich Werner, who played compositions of Döhler, Beethoven, and Liszt, besides a fantasia of his own. Master Werner was ably supported by Madame Reyloff, Master Woodward, of Gloucester, and Signor Delavanti, vocalists. Mr. George Woodward, of this town, accompanied the vocal music. At the last concert, the members of the Sandford Choral Society assisted in the national anthem. That the attendances have not been so good as was desirable, we attribute to the feeling on religious matters which prevails throughout the country at the present time. Not only this, but every other amusement during the past week has been affected by it.—*Cheltenham Paper*.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a correspondent).—Miss Drayton's concert on Tuesday evening last was well attended, showing the estimation in which the fair vocalist and her talented sister, Miss Clara Drayton, are held by their Birkenhead admirers. The programme comprised sixteen pieces, including seven songs, four duets, the scena "All is lost," &c. The concert went off with spirit, the ladies having improved since we had the pleasure of last hearing them. Mr. Ryalls lent his valuable aid. Mr. Lawson and Mr. Lewis were the instrumentalists, and their services were highly useful.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAME ANNA THILLON & MR. HUDSON AT CROSBY HALL.

ON MONDAY Evening, December 9, the above popular Vocalists will give their NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, in which they will both Sing a variety of new Descriptive Songs, Ballads, &c., composed and accompanied by LODER; and also impersonate various characters.

To commence at Eight o'clock. Entrance in Crosby Square only. For full particulars see Programme.

Reserved Seats, 4s.; Body of the Hall, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.

Reserved Seats to be had only at Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, Musicians, 48, Cheapside; the other Tickets to be had of all Musicians.

MADAME ANNA THILLON and MR. HUDSON'S New MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, at Willis's Rooms, on TUESDAY Evening next, December 10th, being the last time before Christmas.

This new Entertainment will be given on the above evening, in which Madame THILLON and Mr. HUDSON will impersonate a variety of characters and sing several new Descriptive Songs, Ballads, &c., composed and accompanied by Loder.

To Commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets, 2s. 6d., Reserved Seats, 5s.—To be obtained at Jullien and Co.'s; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; Chappell's, Bond Street; Sam's, St. James's Street; and all Musicians.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—The Third performance of the MESSIAH will take place on FRIDAY evening next, December 13th. Vocalists—Miss BIRCH, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and Mr. H. PHILLIPS, with Orchestra (including 16 double basses) of 700 performers. Tickets 3s.; Reserved Seat, in Area or Gallery, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, EXETER HALL, or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, CHARING CROSS.

Residents in the country desirous of attending this performance, are requested to forward a Post Office order, payable to Mr. ROBERT BOWLEY, at CHARING CROSS OFFICE.

MISS DOLBY begs to announce that the THIRD and Last of her ANNUAL SERIES of Three SOIREE'S MUSEALES, will take place at her residence, 2, HINDE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, on TUESDAY, the 10th instant, to commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK precisely. Miss DOLBY will be assisted by eminent Vocal and Instrumental talent.—Single Tickets, HALF-A-GUINEA each, to be had of Miss DOLBY only.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES FREQUENTING CONCERTS, THEATRES, BALLS, &c.

PEARS'S Blanc de Perle Liquide, for imparting that much-desired harmonious colour to the COUNTENANCE, NECK, ARMS, and HANDS.

Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. PEAR'S has obtained the Recipe for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by a celebrated Actress, from her earliest youth; and whose pearl-like Bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This Liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the Skin, combined with a highly beautiful transparent whiteness—rarely to be met with in nature.—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

LADIES, OBSERVE!

The Roseate Bloom of Health can in all cases be permanently ensured by the use of that perfectly innocent and wonderful LIQUID EXTRACT, OBTAINED FROM THE ROSE, as prepared by A. F. PEAR'S, who has received innumerable testimonials, from Ladies of the highest rank, of its invaluable and innocent properties. It imparts a most exquisite tint, which is not destroyed either by change of air or by perspiration, and is, therefore, invaluable to those frequenting public assemblies. This article has now been in use by the fashionable world upwards of thirty years, and is the sole property of A. F. PEAR'S, Perfumer, and Inventor of the Transparent Soap. It may be had of the leading Perfumers in Town and Country, and at his Warehouse, 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, near the British Museum, London. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle; by post, 12 extra stamps.

•• Inquire for PEAR'S LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

THE LAST TWO NIGHTS.

THE GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce, that his Concerts will most positively terminate on **TUESDAY NEXT**, DECEMBER 10th.

The Programmes to-morrow, Monday, and Tuesday, will include the GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE, aided by the Three Military Bands, and the French Drummers. Two of the most favourite Songs by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ, &c., &c., &c. On Wednesday the Theatre will be closed, in order to allow of the preparations for the Grand Bal Masqué.

On Thursday next, December 12, the GRAND BAL MASQUE will take place.

N.B.—All persons having demands on the Theatre on account of the Concerts, are requested to send in their accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday next, at Two o'Clock, for payment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

GRAND BAL MASQUE,

NEXT THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the above GRAND ENTERTAINMENT will take place on Thursday next, December 12, being the second and most positively the LAST THIS SEASON.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d.

The audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart for the accommodation of Spectators

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle	5s.	Boxes.....	3s.
Lower Gallery.....	2s.	Upper Gallery.....	1s.
Private Boxes.....£3 3s. and upwards.			

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes may be secured at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

Mr. J. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Full particulars will be found in the Bills of the day.

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